Thine in the deareſt deſigne of induſtrie.

Don Adriano de Armatho.

Thus doſt thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainſt thee thou Lambe that ſtandeſt as his pray:
Submiſſiue fall his princely feet before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtriue (poore ſoule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is he that indited this Letter?
What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you euer heare better?

Boy I am much deceiued, but I remember the ſtile.

Qu. Elſe your memory is bad, going ore it ere while.

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keepes here in court,
A Phantaſime a Monorcho, and one that makes ſport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gaue thee this Letter?

Clow. I told you my Lord.

Qu. To whom ſhould'ſt thou giue it;

Clow. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady.

Clo. From my Lord *Berowne* a good maſter of mine,
To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Roſaline*.

Qu. Thou haſt miſtaken his Letter. Come Lords away.
Heere ſweet, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day. *Exeunt.*

Boy. Who is the ſhooter? Who is the ſhooter?

Roſa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of Beautie.

Roſa. Why ſhe that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miſcarrie.
Finely put on.

Roſa. Well then, I am the ſhooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Roſa. If we chooſe by the hornes, your ſelfe come not neare.
Finely put on indeede.

Maria. You ſtill wrangle with her *Boyet*, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.

Boyet.

Boyet. But ſhe her ſelfe is hit l
Haue I hit her now.

Roſa. Shall I come vpon thee
man when King *Pippin* of *Fran*
the hit it.

Boyet. So I may anſwere thee
man when Queene *Guinouer* of
touching the hit it.

Roſa. Thou canſt not hit it, hi
Thou canſt not hit it my good m

Boy. I cannot, cannot, canno
And I cannot, another can.

Clo. By my troth moſt pleaſa

Mar. A marke maruellous w

Boy. A Mark, O marke but tha
Let the marke haue a pricke in't,

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, y

Clo. Indeede a'muſt ſhoote ne

Boy. And if my hand be out,

Clow. Then will ſhe get the w

Ma. Come, come, you talk

Clow. She's too hard for you
boule.

Boy. I feare too much rubbi

Clo. By my ſoule a Swaine, a
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and
O my troth moſt ſweet ieſts, mo
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off,
Armathor ath to the ſide, O a m
To ſee him walke before a Lady
To ſee him kiſſe his hand, and h
And his Page at other ſide, that
Ah heauens, it is moſt pathetical
Sowla, ſowla.

Shoote wi

Enter Dull, Holofernes,

Nat. Very reuerent ſport tru
of a good conſcience.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCO